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1945-07-13 Alfred P. Maurice Letter to Dolores Robson

Alfred P. Maurice, 1921-

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① (70)

13 July 1945
14th A.A. Command
APO 75, Frisco

Dearest Bunny;

Happy anniversary!! Just a year ago, as we sat in the Boston Gardens, I slipped your ring on your finger. It was a very happy day for me my darling, and a very proud one. I hope you have received the card I sent you by today, and I hope that you liked it and that it stirred memories of that wonderful farlough we spent together. I know that I have many memories of those few days together. It was like a preview of our honeymoon, a preview which I loved. It is so nice to do anything at all with you Honey. I can have fun, no matter what we do when we're together. You are so very much fun. Do you remember the tram trip when you tried to go to sleep in my lap with little success but how we remedied that by feeding you a few drinks on the return trip? Of course you can't carry with you the memory of how nice you looked in that brown-striped dress while you were sleeping, or the memory of just how beautiful you are and how proud I was to be with you. These are my own memories and I cherish them. I guess I rather indulged in a bit of torture myself then when I insisted on scrubbing your feet after we got in that oily sand at the beach. I had an idea your feet were ticklish and wanted to be sure. I now know your Achilles' Heel so you are at my mercy, me proud and haughty beauty. You'll have to do everything I say or it will be just too bad. You can be sure that anything I say will be not too unpleasant for either of us in the carrying out. I'll see to that. Then too, I always have the threat of placing my cold feet on your back when we get in bed, although why your back would be toward me is beyond me. It just wouldn't be. I'm so very glad I gave you that ring Honey. You looked especially beautiful that day a year ago. You seemed so very happy and glowing. I don't know whether I looked the same way but I certainly felt that way inside. It is always such a nice feeling to know that you love me and that you are going to be my wife. I wouldn't ever want anyone else in that position, now that I

have met you. No one else would fit. I only wish that it had been a plain band instead of just a diamond. We should have been married before I left the States Darling. On the other hand, we would not have had an awful lot of time together and I'm sure that, being married to you, I would want to spend the rest of my life with you and never leave you. I will just enjoy myself so much when I am with you that I won't want to leave you at all. It would be very nice if I could get started on free lance art work or cartooning so I could work at home, have my studio there and just work to suit myself. That is the kind of life I'd like. Then too, you'd be right there with me all the time. It would be very nice. I will have to see what can be done about it.

This evening I had to do some rush work for one of the officers. It was a graph and was merely eye-wash - a show job - done in all kinds of colors and meant more to be pleasing to the eye than to be informative. Things go over much more readily with eye-wash to help put them over. This is the principle behind the new field of visual aids training and it the principle behind advertising. The old saying of one picture being worth a million words is quite true.

After Bob Neumann and Harry Zeiser get through with the work they have on hand, we are going out to the Club Esmeralda to partake of a little liquid refreshment by way of celebrating the occasion. Bob and Harry saw the card I made for you and decided that there should be some sort of celebration for the occasion. It won't last long tho because it is after 9:00 PM now and the curfew on these places is 11:00 PM.

The more I think of it, the harder it is to realize that we have only been engaged a year and that I have known you less than two years. It seems as though I had known you all my life. I have learned a lot about you in that time Honey, and all that I have learned just makes me love you that much more. I just like every little thing about you and want to change nothing at all. You're perfect for me just as you are. You are very intelligent, very beautiful, and have a very wonderful

personality - and that figure - Whew!! Whew!! I'll be so damned happy when we're ~~of~~ together. It seems such a damned waste to have you and all your loveliness back home while I am here. We just belong to one another and should be together. You're a wonderful wife, Darling.

Again today I was put to work. They hauled me out of the office this morning intending to put me to work. When I got down to work there was an argument about just what should and should not be done. Finally, we were put to work unloading a truck. This took all of twenty minutes and then we had a break. At the end of the break we were sent to eat and told to report at 12:00 noon. When we reported, we had to cover all the crates with tarpaulin to protect ~~it~~ ^{them} from the rain, this was a half-hour job. Then we were relieved. We lost over half a day's work in the office just to do $\frac{3}{4}$ hours work down here. That's the army though, do it now and plan it later. Ah well, I might as well just continue to drift along.

Our cigaret ration came in today and I got my four cartons. This time, for the first time overseas, I got some Luckies - two cartons of them. The other two cartons were Camels. At the rate I smoke cigarettes, they just keep accumulating all the time. I wish there were some way I could get some to you since I know how hard they are to get back in the States, but the army distinctly frowns on this. There are some native brand cigarettes here which look and smell, as if they were made of a very poor grade of damp Lay American cigarettes, as everywhere, are at a premium. I understand the wholesale price on them is 50¢ a pack - 1000% more than we have to pay for them. I never thought before the war that an item such as a cigaret would be so valuable. It still seems hard to think of their being so precious, even in the States.

There's a rumor going around that our ice cream freezing machine will go into action soon and that this delicacy will find its way to our tables and, subsequently to our stomachs, soon and often. This will not displease me in the least.

I will have to go to work on my cabinet soon.
I salvaged a box from the pile of them which were being
chopped and am going to line it with paper and
put shelves in it. The wood in the box is two inch stuff
so it is plenty solid and I saved the devil. The top of
it will make a nice desk to write on in the evening.
Of course I will have to figure out a way to pad the
edge of my bunk because I have to sit right upon the
edge of it to reach to top of the cabinet conveniently. It is
better than trying to write with the paper on my lap.

This afternoon my back was slightly burned
and I can feel it. It isn't bad though and will probably
help me to get a tan. I've just about lost all trace of
the tan I had because I haven't been able to get out in
the sun very often. I'll probably have just as much trouble
getting tanned upon ~~my~~ ^{our} vacation as you will. Just
think Darling, we'll have nothing to do except lie in the
sun and make love. That will indeed be ideal because
I can't think of anything better to do when I am with you
than just that. Darling, I'll love you

Forever
Freddie